

## DAILY DEMOCRAT.

THURSDAY, - - NOVEMBER 1, 1855.

**A Wife's Story.**

[CONTINUED.]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

When I was mad, of course they kept my children from me. Dr. Ryton took them to his own house. But their absence retarded my recovery, then once my ceaseless cry to have them back

been healed, I recovered my reason; slowly but surely, I grew quieter.

My Aunt Aston had come to nurse me. Lowered to the level of a child, I could not confide in the merries of an attendant at a madhouse—never fasted there enough for me, in truth! So watched her with, bearing my violence, and concealing the cause of it, until I was able to tell her all that I had to be allowed to see my children. Dr. Wylly had loved my husband as a friend; so he had readily patience to pity me; he left me much to do.

When I could be moved, my Aunt took me and my children to new place. I did not ask or care for anything but my children, and my children, lovely children, were all that I cared for. I was perfectly sane then, but, I was not happy as a child. I did not suffer much, even mentally; for spirit and flesh were alike subdued; I was as weak and as much weakened as a body.

Nobody saw me there but my Aunt, my children

My nurse, Dr. Lytton, who saw me often there, stayed sometimes unwillingly for days together, as much to watch them as to attend me, and Mr. Morton, the pastor of the district, an aged, loving, spirit-inspired man. In him I saw the beauty of holiness, but I did not feel it. He tried to quicken my spiritual life, to rouse me from my apathetic, stupid, idiotic apathy, and to turn a broken spirit upward. My only answer to him was—"Leave me alone; let me be quiet."

another world, laden with a cargo of unrepentant sin that must sink me eternally. "Shall we not tell her now? Would it not be better?" she asked of the grey-headed old man who was turning from me disappointed, but unharmed. He shook his head.

"Be patient and hopeful; with our merciful, all-forgiving Father nothing is impossible. It is not time yet."

"But I know it! I know it!" I said to myself, as he left me. "I am dying; and a strange ecstasy has come over me."

Every day, through the long months of early and mid-summer, I was carried down close to the water's edge, and laid there on a mattress in the shade but not sun. But that sun did not scorch me or warm me: my heart was nigh dead, and I was cold.

Dr. Ryon thought me sinking into life-long comatose, with my frequent moan and endless complaints of cold. But I was living a thought-life, so faint and so deep down, they could not know it was there, nor that I was.

So I lay there, day by day—following my children with my eyes as they played upon the beach. They did not come very near, they were half-afraid of the still, white figure, and of the wild eyes fixed on them day after day.

When will papa come home? when will he come and play here with us?" they asked Dr. Ryland one day.

They were hushed up and taken away, and the doctor seemed to me to come back out of a strange

of some far past, remember that often I held up my hand feeling between my eyes and the sun, a gesture they do not understand. I wanted to watch how daylight grew more transparent, for I became thinner, less, more shadowy day by day. The bright sun burnt my white, sickly skin. For a long time they thought me dying, thought my brain was dead already.

Thank Thee for this most chiefly among Thy cler and numberless mercies, O God, I thank

of some far past, remember that often I held up my hand feeling between my eyes and the sun, a gesture they do not understand. I wanted to watch how daylight grew more transparent, for I became thinner, less, more shadowy day by day. The bright sun burnt my white, sickly skin. For a long time they thought me dying, thought my brain was dead already.

Thank Thee for this most chiefly among Thy cler and numberless mercies, O God, I thank

Summer was not yet wearing into autumn, when a noble boy, my first-born, my young Harold, was ten ill. They did not know that I understood music, when they talked of fever and danger in my absence. It was resurrection day to me, the day which I heard them. Yet hardly so, I trust; for it was a resurrection to a knowledge of pain and a taste of death.

very vaguely. They stunned me only for an instant. I think my gradual fading away had a half voluntary; for I was often dimly conscious that I had yet the power within me to rise live. And now I rose up! I was wet, I think, today, for I was laid on the couch by a fire; they spoke and gone away.

I got up; I could stand; I walked from the room. The passage I met a servant, who started back in fright, and ran to call assistance. But I climbed up stairs and found my way to my child's

and went in and up to his little bed.  
 "Let her alone!" I heard Dr. Hyton say, as my  
 father started forward and was hastening to me.  
 "I asked him most truly for those words. My boy  
 died to me with a cry of "Mamma, mamma!"  
 as very weak and I sank down on his bed, and  
 a silver-flushed cheek was laid on my cold bosom;  
 "let me stay; my boy fell quietly asleep; the first  
 sleep he had that had been quiet and refresh-  
 ing. He was taken ill, they said.  
 He woke better. I watched him night and day;  
 he was so weak, I was so much his mother, he

He came to me a second time through him, and he loved me so! He would not suffer any else to wait on him. And I watched the coming and waxing of the fever night and day; the danger seemed over. The child grew up and died. In my brief joy I had not turned to God; in my deep fresh agony I did not turn to him.

I could not sink back into the oblivion of my youth in life. I sat watching by the dead beauty my once so bold, bright boy; they talked of heaven, hope, faith, meeting, and consolation. I

and, heeded not at all. My grief was fierce  
 and passionate at first; I laid the child's dead-  
 cold on my heart, but it could not freeze nor stink  
 I was outwardly quiet, lest they should think  
 mad again: but my heart burned, and night  
 day my spirit cried:  
 "Oh! Cruel! Cruel and Philess!" it raved  
 against the Omnipotent: it lashed itself into im-  
 mense fury against the Will of the Great, Calm,  
 Just One.  
 My little girl they had sent away, but too late!

fell ill, and they brought her home. I would believe it was the fever; she was always delicate, a little white blossom, and she had pined awaiting for her brother. It was the day that my wife was laid in the ground that my Lily came back to me, and I turned with my great, undiminished, concentrated power of loving to this fragile little form. Perhaps it was my impatience for love; my hot kisses, that confirmed the fever-dream in her veins. She woke in the night, the second night after we had buried her brother, and she said, and talked wildly of, papa Harold.

"I expected this," he answered. "Pray Heaven she may recover!"

"It is not the fever," I said, speaking against knowledge. "It is not the fever; she has caught cold."

"We shall see," he answered.

"Oh! how cruel his coldness seemed!"

"You must save her!" I cried.

"I shall try," he answered, "but if she dies—"

"Dies! Have you—has God, no pity?" I interrupted.

There were many days of hope and fear. Other physicians came, and were commanded, implored, to save her. I prayed for her life, widely, on my knees, with all the power I had. But she grew worse. One night I could not longer bear to watch her sufferings. I rushed out into the open air. It was a fresh, blowing night, and moonlight shone along the shore—the waves broke noisily on the beach. "Alone, alone, alone!" that was the cry that the wild sea-seed to comfort me.

My head was hot, and I felt bewildered. I went down where the waves washed the stones—I knelt down and let one break over my bowed head when I rose and shook my wet hair to the color—and that refreshed me, and I turned to the shore again.

As we entered the garden, I signed to him to go into the house first. I stopped—I fell on my knees—what could I say?  
“Oh, God! hast thou heard my prayer? Is my prayer answered?”

"My make thou sparest this flower!" So I thought I could not pray thron.

As I rose, again a shadow flitted before the moon. I thought it had set—the shadow fell blackly on my face, but when I looked up, I looked straight on, and into her white serene face.

Mr. Morton was in the house; he met me at the door, and led me into the room where Dr. Rytton sat.

The two men looked at each other.

"Poor child!" the old man said, leading me to

terly despaired of his rallying, and had, at once, hardly dared hope that he would ever recover health of mind and body after the dreadful injuries he had sustained; so he had thought it to let me believe him already dead. I never saw him had often longed to rouse me, by any means from the apathy lying so heavily upon me, and wished to tell me the truth; but Dr. Klyton sternly bade them to do so at peril of my

When my boy's danger did at last rouse me, when my husband was first considered to be seriously and surely gaining strength, Dr. Ryton told them not to tell me yet; he thought it was that the discipline of conscious suffering should first do its work. He was not wise there. It

Where had my husband been? Why had Ryton ever left him? Who had nursed him? And as I asked that last question, a cry of agony broke from my lips, at the thought that L, his wife, had rendered myself unworthy that office.

Mr. Morton could tell me, that Mrs. Ryton had most heedfully nursed my husband, and that Ryton had only left him because Harold,

conscious, implored him to be here, to watch his children. He knew that Harold in those intervals of consciousness had talked much of his children, and been painfully solicitous for their welfare, and that even in his delirium, he had spoken of them: but whether, and if at all, my husband mentioned me he could not tell.

After I had exhausted Mr. Morton's knowledge by my eager questions, I was ready, and very

That evening he spoke to my heart and need. I was very weak, and worn, and we had little hope of happiness in this world and yet I had an infinite mercy for which I despair and as yet hardly knew how, to thank God. My husband would ever again take me back to heart and home. I scarcely hoped: and if I hoped the time would come, it looked so distant that

weak spirit wearied at the dreary desert I traversed first. But that my husband lived I was free from the blood-guiltiness that had on my conscience, that my Lily had still a tender father—did not these things demand boundless gratitude?

As, day after day, I sat in spirit very meekly at good man's feet, the darkness gradually cleared away. By degrees I learned all the

of his own life, of his loves, and losses, and a tyrdom of pain; I learned how his faith had purified, and his soul sublimed, by patient suffering of the Lord's will.

Then, stilled to reverent attention. I heard a story, and was instructed in the teaching of another life. In my weakness and spiritual ignorance I had somewhat of the simplicity of a child. I listened simply to what was simply told.

I heard came to me fresh and strange, and infinitely sweet and consoling. Through the unexplored medium of the soul of a faithful believer I could look clearly and steadily at the grand life of the Christian life.

And while I listened and learned, I exercised newly-striven-after patience. Doctor Rytton did not come, and days passed in which I heard nothing of my husband. During these four quiet

of my husband. During those few quiet, although somewhat anxious, days, I grew familiar with my future life. I did not harass and perplex myself by effort to discern its features, to depict its joys and sorrows, endeavours, failures, and far-off success; but I tried to reach my own consciousness the spirit in which I ought to live, and in which, with God's help, I would live.

If wild regret for that dread and sinful past  
 tried to destroy my new peace, to lash my soul  
 into tumultuous unrest, I know now how to  
 tread the troubled waters; if my spirit failed me  
 sometimes, and my heart quailed and sickened

I began to have some dim ideas, some, not knowledge, but imagination, of what it would be to be able, in all scenes, trials, dangers, distresses, tem-

...tions, and pains of life, to be calm enough to  
...hat around all our restlessness flows "God's re  
...to be able to merge all hopes, fears, doubts,  
...reads, in a perfect, unflinching trust in Him  
...makes all things work together for good to th  
...who believe in Him.

CONCLUDED TO-MORROW.

[From the Evening Edition.]

At Eliza Logan's benefit at the Boston Museum on Friday evening, October 26th, two hundred and thirty persons were turned away from the house for want of seats, while Naud only half a house at the Boston theatre.

The Norfolk (Va.) News says: "A few days ago the nuptials were celebrated between a widow and a widower—the husband of the former having been dead just two weeks, and the wife of the latter about five weeks. Doubtless the necessities of the two bereaved families required such a union."

The following eloquent passage is extracted from a speech delivered by C. W. Carrigan, before a Democratic meeting in Philadelphia, just before the late election:

This Know-Nothing organization, and its

They must go armed to the ballot-box, not what

"Weapon that is surer set  
 And firmer than the bayonet—  
 A weapon that comes down as still  
 As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,  
 And executes a freeman's will  
 As lightning doth the will of God."

Not with the ballot—the sceptre of American  
 Freemen—immense applause, but with the  
 and pistol. A more gross outrage upon the

In Cincinnati, at their last municipal election, the ballot-boxes of the Eleventh and Twelfth Wards were taken possession of by a Know-Nothing mob, broken to pieces, and their contents given to the torch, and this, too, by Americans who declare that they will not allow foreigners to show how well they can rule America! We are a sight for a free people. But their treason to the Constitution, and utter disregard of the same

of the ballot-box, was more fully evinced in late horrible riots in the city of Louisville. The right of franchise was denied to all men whose eyes first opened on a foreign soil. They cared not whether he was Protestant or Catholic, Irish or German, whether they or their fathers had fought and bled for their adopted country. It was sufficient to know that their birth-place was not here, that they were unimprimarily transplanted on and

Such a holocaust of bleeding hearts, burnt homes and blazing dwellings, constitute a fit monument for an organization conceived in tyranny and nurtured in blood. [Long continued applause.]

Upon the plea of Americans ruling America they have been guilty of untold excesses. In their heart is relief as they now in review

for it. *Americans must rule America*, and with sacrilegious indifference they invade the sanctuaries of the Lord and disturb the communion of the world with its maker. *Americans must rule America*, and in secret conclave they advise the carrying of dagger and pistol to the ballot-box. *Americans must rule America*, and with hideous yells and monotonous shouts they stifle free speech and at the free press. *Americans must rule America*, and

the five pass. *Americans must rule America* and they hang an Irishman in his own po in the presence of his wife and children; then give his dwelling to the flames. *Americans must rule America*, and they blow out brains of a child in the arms of its mother while all around are mutilated bodies and burnt houses. *Americans must rule America*, and "frank showers of blood, and the red light of M

gilded roofs," they build the rainbow glory, and shuddering conscience cry out, "We are no America!" Great God! what a picture to brightest era of civilization! What seenes of republican government! Anarchy and blood triumph over American liberty. Free speech raged, free press attacked, freedom of consoi violated, free suffrage trampled under foot, a run riot, citizens murdered, and constitution a

Oh, ye members of this secret organization speak to you now as men—as erring men—are upon the threshold and anxious to leave, once to the protection of your country's constitution. The guardian angel of our destiny has in the waters, and now, *this night*, step in and made whole. It is a duty you owe to your families and yourselves. Rally with us to the support

American liberty. (Great cheering.) And "old line Whigs," who constitute the guard at the tomb of Clay—who forget not his trials, heroic devotion—who love his memory, and wish in your heart of hearts his paternal and patriotic sentiments, this night your country and his spirit invokes you to assist in staying rushing tide that would sweep away the constitutional obligations he so often defended. [Appl.]

again and again.]












---

**TRANSPORTATION:**

**Hawkins' Omnibus Line**

**LEAVES MIDDLE-**  
town every morning (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, and arrives at Louisville at 9 o'clock.  
Leaves Louisville at 4 o'clock, and arrives at Middletown at 6 o'clock p.m.


Passengers will be called for who leave their names at Whip's stable, on Third street, opposite the post office, or at Kirk's stable, on Fifth street, near Main.

Fare from Louisville to the Fair grounds 10 cents; to Gilman's 10 cents; to Middletown 35 cents.

comfort, cheapness, speed, and safety are what we offer particularly, and the public may be assured that the Line will be permanent.

**J. H. & W. T. HAWKINS.**  
We will also take charge of and deliver small packages at the end of and anywhere along the line, at accommodating terms. 2nd dtr

**FOR WASHINGTON CITY,  
Baltimore, Philadelphia,  
NEW YORK, &c.**

**NEW YORK, &C.**  
Most direct through line for the East  
**BALTIMORE & OHIO**  
  
**RAILROAD!**  
**T**HIS GREAT WORK OF INTERNATIONAL improvement (379 miles from Wheeling to

Baltimore, and 403 to Washington.) was opened to the Ohio river in January, 1903, and has now been fully tested and approved, both as a freight and passenger route. This road is located in a romantic country, is well equipped, and carefully managed, and is thus rendered as attractive as well as a safe line for travelers. The late completion of the Central Ohio Road, from Columbus to the Ohio river near Wheeling, adds greatly to the importance of this route, offering, as it does, the most thorough Railroad connection with the entire West.

are sold by this road, which runs direct to Washington without the delay of passing through Baltimore. It is the only line by which baggage can be checked to Washington, and the st. at Baltimore the road makes a direct connection with the Railroad to Philadelphia and New York, &c.

Passengers going East from Louisville, may proceed by steamboat to Cincinnati, and there take the Railroad to connect with this line, or may leave Louisville by the Jeffersonville Railroad direct.

The Mail Steamers leave Louisville daily for Cincinnati, where they connect with us to connect with the cars of the Little Miami Railroad to A. M. (or 3 P. M.) for Columbus, connecting with us as usual.

through Newark and Zanesville to Belleair, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, and from there to the opposite Edenwood station, 4 miles below Wheeling. At this place the connection with the B. and O. Railroad is made direct. By express train of this route, the time from Cincinnati to Baltimore is less than 29 hours, and, by mail train, less than 32 hours.

THROUGH TICKETS are sold as follows: By mail steamers to Cincinnati, from Louisville, 41; Washington, 41; to Baltimore 37; to Philadelphia, 41; and to New York, 33 50. To be had of F. CARTER, Ticket Agent, at southeast corner of Third and Water streets, Louisville.

Be sure to ask for tickets by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad route.

[illegible]

**PRIVILEGES**—With the largest equipment of any Railroad in the United States, the company is prepared to do an immense business in the transportation of freights which are carried with care and dispatch, and at rates as low as those of any other first class line. The road has the largest fleet of coastwise steamships and in the ports of Baltimore and the aliores to Philadelphia and New York, steamers of her own and Baltimore & Annapolis Company's line, by canal and sea, to New York and Boston; steamers to Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, &c.

For particulars see freight tariffs, copies of which may be had of any of the Farmington Houses in the West.

fe19 JOHN B. DONE,  
Master of Transportation, Baltimore.

**SHORTEST ROUTE TO BALTIMORE**  
And Quickest Route to Philadelphia.  
1855. Summer Arrangement. 1855.

**RECEIVED**

To Zanesville, Wheeling, Baltimore, Wash-  
ington City, Philadelphia, &c.

ALSO TO  
RICHMOND, PETERSBURG, NORFOLK, AND  
WILMINGTON,  
BY BALTIMORE AND OHIO,  
CENTRAL OHIO, AND LITTLE MIAMI RAILROADS,  
VIA  
Columbus and Wheeling.  
THREE DAILY TRAINS LEAVE

A. Cincinnati at 4 A. M., 10 P. M. A. M., and 8 P. M.  
 TO ZANESVILLE IN 2 1/2 HOURS;  
 TO WHEELING IN 3 HOURS;  
 TO BALTIMORE IN 2 1/2 HOURS;  
 TO PHILADELPHIA IN 3 1/2 HOURS;  
 TO WASHINGTON IN 4 HOURS.  
 Connecting at Baltimore with Trunk Philadelphia, Wash-  
 ington, and Baltimore railroad, to Philadelphia, Wash-  
 ington with Trunk New York and Baltimore, to New York  
 and New Brunswick or Annapolis.  
 This is the only route which can make the 2 1/2 hours  
 between Cincinnati and Baltimore; arriving 3/4  
 hour in advance of any other route.

LEAVE CINCINNATI BY LITTLE MEAD RAILROAD.  
 First TRAIN—Leaving Cincinnati at 6:00 a. m. Leaves Hamilton, Pa., at 12 o'clock, noon. Leaves Zanesville at 1:30 p. m., and arrives at Wheeling at 4 p. m.  
 Connecting at Wheeling with Train Baltimore and two railroad, and arriving at Baltimore at 8:30 o'clock.

10. Arriving at Washington City at 11 o'clock a. m.  
 Connecting with Train for Baltimore for Philadelphia,  
 and New York, direct.  
 Connecting at Washington for Fredericksburg,  
 Fordsburg, Richmond, &c.  
 11. Train-Express-Little Miami railroad, leaves Cincinnati at 10:30 o'clock a. m., arrives at Zanesville at  
 3 p. m. Leaves Zanesville at 8 p. m., and arrives at  
 Wheeling at 10 p. m.  
 Connecting at Wheeling with Train Baltimore and  
 his Railroad, for Baltimore and Washington.  
 Connecting at its route with Train for Philadelphia  
 and New York, direct.  
 Connecting at Washington for Fredericksburg, Fordsburg,

burg, Richmond, &c.  
 Train—Night Express—Little Miami railroad  
 leaves Cincinnati at 9 o'clock p. m. Arrives at Cin-  
 cinnati at 3 o'clock a. m. leaves Xeniaville at 3:15 a. m.,  
 and arrives at Wheeling at 6:30 a. m.  
 Connecting at Wheeling with Morning Train Balti-  
 more and Ohio railroad, for Cumberland, where pas-  
 sengers sleep and resume by Morning Train for East  
 Connecting with Train at Baltimore, for Philadelphia  
 New York direct.  
 Connecting at Washington for Fredericksburg, Pe-  
 tersburg, Richmond, &c.

Through tickets from Cincinnati to Wheeling, and  
Cincinnati to Washington City, &c.  
Baltimore checked from Cincinnati to Baltimore, and  
thence to Philadelphia, &c.  
Through tickets for Washington City can only be pro-  
duced by this route, and this is the only route by which  
rough tickets can be procured via Baltimore to Phila-  
delphia and New York.  
Through tickets to Winchester, Richmond, Freder-  
burg, Petersburg, Norfolk, Weldon, and Washing-  
ton City, are procured by the Little Miami Route,  
and the only route by which passengers can go through  
about detention to Charleston, Savannah, Macon,  
Milledgeville, Augusta, and all points.


**FOR THROUGH TICKETS,**  
and all information for Cincinnati, please apply at the  
Little Miami House, E. W. Strader, General Agent,  
23 Burnet House, first door west of Vine No. 177  
son House, Front office at southeast corner Broadway  
and Front, directly opposite Spencer House, and  
the Little Miami Depot.

**ISAAC M. SOUTHWICK,**  
Superintendent Central Ohio Railroad.

**W. S. BROWN,**  
Agent C. O. R. R., Cincinnati.

**NEW ALBANY & SALEM RAILROAD.**  
**CHANGE OF STARTING TIME.**  
**ON AND AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 4th,** Trains will leave New Albany as follows:  
Express Train leaves at 3:30 A. M., running directly through to Chicago, without change of cars or baggage.  
Accommodation Train (freight and passengers) leaves at 4 A. M.  
**TURNING-Through Express from Chicago, leaves**

**Fare Reduced.**



**ONLY \$7**

FROM LOUISVILLE TO CHICAGO  
BY THE  
New Albany and Salem Railroad.  
The only direct Route, and the only  
Route by which Through  
Tickets can be had.  
TWO DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS  
through to Chicago without change of cars or baggage.

West Train leaves New Albany at 2:45 o'clock A. M.  
Commodation Train (freight and passenger) leaves  
at 3 o'clock A. M.  
The Trains connect at Chicago with all morning and  
evening Trains for the West and Northwest. Also, at  
Chicago City with the Trains on the Michigan Central  
road for Detroit, Benton, Niagara Falls, Albany,  
New York, Boston, &c. This is by far the most pleasant  
and interesting route, the train passing as it does  
through the most flourishing and the largest towns and  
cities in Indiana, such as New Albany, Ellettsville, La-  
fayette, Bloomington, Greencastle, Crawfordsville, Pa-  
rke, and Michigan City, on Lake Michigan; Tippecanoe,

Battle Ground, a spot hallowed in the heart of  
 American citizenry, is also seen by those passing  
 this route. <sup>1</sup>Michigan City, the route passes through the  
 beautiful and flourishing part of Michigan to De-  
 troit, crossing the Detroit River and passing  
 through the most interesting persons of Upper Canada,  
 the Thames Battle Ground, London, Paris-  
 ton, &c., in view of Lake Ontario, to the Great  
 Suspension Bridge, a work more stupendous,  
 wonderful, and more to be admired, than any  
 similar work of art in the world. In crossing this  
 a full view is had of the great Cataract of Ni-

The North and Northwest this is the only routing no change of cars or baggage between the verdant Chicago. The road has been put in good and is now one of the best and safest in the West, the longest continuous straight line of any in the United States.

This route also sure connections are made, as the train directly through to Chicago.

Runs at reduced rates to Michigan City, Chicago, Grand Island, St. Louis, Burlington, Galena, St. Paul, Duluth, &c.; also, to Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York, Boston, &c. &c.; for sale at the office of the Louisville and Portland Railroad Company.

MAIN street, north side, between Second and  
Louisville, where all information can be had re-  
garding routes, time, prices, &c.  
Passenger, by leaving their names at the above  
office, will be called for by Omnibuses and de-  
livered at the Cars.  
J. C. KNOWLTON, Supt.

---

**SAWLS.**  
p paid Wooden Shawls, 6-4 and 7-4;  
s do long do;  
s do super do;  
s small and good class; Charles.